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advertise and keep it; if you
have not, advertise and get
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JAS. S. WILSON & BRO.,
BANK ROW, NORTH SIDE COURT
HOUSE.

COAL.

In time of peace prepare for war. In warm weather prepare for cold. The wise man lays in his supply of coal during the summer months. We have a bounteous supply of SOUTH JELICO and MIXED CANNEL.

SALT.

Just received a car load of FRESH SALT.

FARM WAGONS.

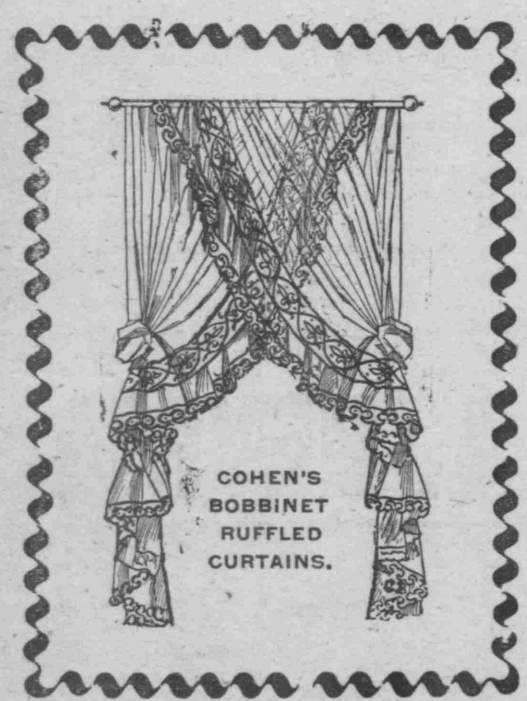
We feel confident we have the best lot of farm wagons made, such as AVERY, STUDER, BAKER and MITCHELL. We also keep cheaper grades.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

We sell the celebrated AVERY DISC PLOW, the very best plow for hard ground. We also sell the most popular plow—THE VULCAN. It has a light draft and does nice work. We are also agents for the HOOSIER DRILLS and keep in stock CORN HARVESTERS. In fact anything the farmer needs we try to have for him. We also have some choice SEED RYE.

J. S. WILSON & BRO.,
PARIS, KY.

TEHRE IS NOTHING



THAT YOU CAN PUT IN YOUR HOUSE THAT WILL
ADD TO ITS APPEARANCE AND FRESHEN
IT UP AS MUCH AS NICE, NEW

Lace Curtains.

And did you know that I am showing the largest and most complete and cheapest line ever brought to Paris. All the new things. New ideas in hanging. Come in and inspect the line. It will cost you nothing to look.

Also New Line of Oriental Draperies! New Wall Paper and Carpets.

J. T. HINTON.

A SKETCH.

A builder's yard, a ship upon the ways. The groan of straining planks, the snap of stays. The cheering of a crowd: "She moves! She's off!"

And with a sudden rush and splash the great ship leaves the wharf.

A storm swept, foam tossed sea, a howling gale. A ship half lost in foam, a rig of sail. The tolling of a bell, now low, now clear—"The shore! The shore!" She strikes in crashing waves to disappear.

A summer's eve, a calm and wailing tide. A dismal stretch of sand that tries to hide. The bones of some great vessel, propped on high. Outlined against the sunset's last faint glow. Ah, what the sky.

—Julian Hinkley in Outlook.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FAULTS

She Was Very Van and Inordinately Fond of Fine Dress.

Yet Elizabeth was never really successful with her wardrobe as a more feminine woman might have been. Her dresses were never beautiful, only ludicrously and most inappropriately magnificent—laden with jewels, weighted down with cloth of gold, stuff with silver embroidery and so heavy that even her big powerful frame must, without supporting vanities have felt the fatigue of carrying them about. Elizabeth was certainly vain, but she cannot claim femininity merely on that account, for vanity is by no means an exclusively feminine characteristic. There are perhaps more vain women than vain men because women have more leisure and their costumes afford greater opportunities for vanity than the strangely hideous clothing which custom has arranged for men, but no thoughtful (feminine) observer can doubt that a vain man is vainier than a vain woman.

Elizabeth's hands were her especial pride, and, judging from her portraits, they were certainly beautiful. They were laden with jewels, and it was her habit in public to pull her rings off with absent artlessness and push them about in the most obvious way. Once, during the grave consideration of a state paper, wherein her cold sagacity never took second place, she interrupted the discussion to ask whether the Duc d'Angou, who was at one time one of her suitors, had been told what a pretty foot she had and how white and well rounded was her arm? This in the woman who financed the armada with hard headed economy, who dared the superstitious terrors of her own conscience in her high handed and impudent treatment of the bishops, whose interest in methods of torture for state prisoners was most mechanical and intelligent, entirely unhampered by any squeamish feminine hesitation as to blood or pain, is most curious.

In connection with this last characteristic of cruelty vanity is not at all unaccounted for. Indeed, if one observe closely one will notice that excessively vain persons have almost always a strange inclination toward cruelty. The accounts of what Queen Elizabeth permitted and indeed commanded in this respect will hardly bear repetition by as sensitive folk today—Margaret Deland in Harper's Bazar.

Slavery Protected the Negro.

If the negro had been forced to compete for existence in America, he would have been crushed out by the civilized power, as the Indian has been, says Albert Phelps in The Atlantic, but the peculiar institution of slavery protected him not only from this competition, but also by artificial means, from those great forces of nature which inevitably weed out the weaker organisms and which operate most unrelentingly upon the ignorant savage. For the first time, perhaps, in the history of the world human beings had been bred and regulated like valuable stock, with as much care as is put upon the best horses and cattle. As a natural consequence the sanitary condition of the negro during slavery was remarkable, especially by contrast with his present condition, and his growth was the abnormal growth of a plant abnormally raised in a hothouse. When, therefore, this mass of helpless beings was thrown upon its own resources by the act of emancipation and when the protection of slavery had been withdrawn, the direct wretchedness and suffering followed.

A Brief Interview.

The late Rev. R. S. Storrs was a very hard man to interview, for he resented the inquisitiveness of the press and was icy to its agents.

One evening a reporter attended a reception at his house and in the course of the evening touched his arm and whispered: "Doctor, I'm from the—." I want the names of guests and all the particulars."

"Yes," Dr. Storrs whispered in return, "this way, this way." And, taking the young man's arm, he escorted him to the front door and put him out.

It Takes Time.

"Your wife," we said to the husband of the great authoress, "is the woman of the hour."

"Indeed she is," he responded, with a tinge of sadness in his voice. "She is the woman of the hour and a half when she is dressing for the theater."—Baltimore American.

Trees Older Than the Pyramids.

A wonder of longevity is the so called dragon's blood tree of Teneriffe. Rosin obtained from this tree has been found in sepulchres, where it had been used for embalming the dead. Trees of this species are now standing which are estimated as being older than the Egyptian pyramids.

Never praise a woman's cake unless you are prepared to eat every slice on the plate.—Aitchison Globe.

The path of glory leads but to the grave, but it is the most pleasant route.—Portland Oregonian.

It is easier to keep well than get cured. Dewitt's Little Early Risers taken now and then, will always keep your bowels in perfect order. They never grip and promote an easy gentle action.—W. T. Brooks.

Eggs For Hatching.

Pure Brown Leghorns and Silver Wyandottes, fourteen for one dollar. Apply to Mrs. T. Porter Smith, Paris, Ky.

Beaumont Oil Fields.

Low Rates, Direct Line, Excellent Train Service via Queen & Crescent Route. W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

A DAGUERRETYPE

I was happy, oh, so happy, and I hummed a gay little tune as I bustled myself with my usual Saturday morning task of darning the stockings for the family. Now as a usual thing I detest darning, but this morning I went about it happily, for it was my eighteenth birthday and was to be a never forgotten one.

Why, do you ask? Because at dinner I was to receive my great-grandmother's old daguerreotype. What is so wonderful about that? Just wait until you have heard my story, and you will know.

My great-grandmother had been the wife of a general in the Revolutionary war, and because she desired to enter into her husband's life she became a nurse. When an operation was being performed, she stood by and held the patient's hand, and because of her bravery won for herself the title of "The Soldier's Friend." Her bright face and sunny smile was always welcomed at the bedside of every soldier, while she worked swiftly, silently and skillfully, saving many a man's life.

When the war was over, the soldiers decided to give their "friend" some token of their deep gratitude, as they knew they could never thank her with words. So they asked her for a late picture of herself, and she gave them this old daguerreotype. And on her eighteenth birthday, as it chanced to be, she presented her with this same picture in a case of gold and hung on a heavy gold chain.

My grandmother wore this around her neck until her death, and on her deathbed she put it into the hands of her eldest daughter, saying: "Put this carefully away, Mary, and when your sister Lucy is 18 years of age put it around her neck, with her mother's blessing, and tell her to wear it until her death, or should she have a daughter give it to her at the age of 18. I want my great-granddaughter to have the youngest daughter and so on through the family to each receive it on her eighteenth birthday."

So that is why I was so happy on that day, for it was my time to wear the locket.

At dinner my mother put the long, handsome chain around my neck, and, lifting the locket, I was about to gaze upon the face of the girl when suddenly I gave a gasp of surprise. My mother had not told me that the locket was set round with diamonds. Truly it was a handsome one.

Then I let my eyes travel from the diamond to the beautiful oval face of my great-grandmother.

The hair curled softly above the low, white forehead, and her eyes looked forth a pair of clear blue eyes. Then came the small, straight nose and the rosy mouth, around which played one of her rare sunny smiles. What a beauty she must have been!

Gazing up at my mother's face, I saw that she was struggling hard to keep back the tears.

"Dear mother," I cried, "you wear it awhile longer. Surely that is the best." But she pushed me gently from her and answered: "No, dear. Only take good care of it and remember that I was very fond of it, more so because my mother looked so much like it."

"Twenty-five years had passed since the day I received the beautiful old daguerreotype, and now the time had come for me to part with it. But, oh, how times can change in 25 years!"

At noon Margaret came in, tired and cross, though she should have been happy on her birthday. She had not been darning stockings, but had been making calls.

Very few girls of this age and day have to darn stockings. I do not think that Margaret's white fingers, loaded with jewels, ever held a needle. When I put the chain around her neck and her eyes fastened upon the diamonds, she gave a low laugh and cried, "Oh, won't Alice Daze envy me these?"

Then she looked up and saw the tears in my eyes. "Pshaw, mamma," she cried, "you surely are not so foolish as to cry over this. An old woman like you are too." Then she added as she carefully dropped the locket: "By the way, I believe I promised to go to grandmamma's with you today. Well, promises are like pie crust—easily broken. I shan't be able to go."

Yes, times have greatly changed. For instance, my great-grandmother was called mamma, my grandmother was called mamma, my mother and myself mamma. But, after all, I'm greatly blessed, for I have my dear old mother to go to, and I want to her that very day and poured into her sympathizing ears my sorrow over Margaret's coldness and my sorrow over having to part with my great-grandmother's daguerreotype—Sunny South.

He Sat Down.

A Scottish divine was noted for his pointed and cutting sayings both in and out of the pulpit. One Sunday morning, just as he was about to begin the service, the front door opened and he walked a sprightly young playman in a brand new pair of light corded trousers.

The young man was in no hurry to get to his seat, and when he did get there he stood up deliberately and slowly arranged his coat before sitting down. The minister had eyed him from the first and as the young man was turning round to see if there was any dust on the seat observed in an impatient voice:

"To can sit down noo, my man. We've a' seen yer breeks."

The SPORTING WORLD

Plans of Ed Geers.

Now that the grand circuit has opened, light harness horsemen everywhere have started in to make the season of 1901 a record breaker. Prospects are unusually good this year, stakes are high and have been well filled with entries, and meet promoters are very enthusiastic.

The champion trotters and pacers have a lively campaign ahead. The



ED GEERS DRIVING.

Abbot, 2:03 1/4, champion trotter of the world; Crescen, 2:04 1/4, world's greatest trotting stallion; Boronia, 2:08, owned by Thomas W. Lawson, the \$30,000 pink millionaire sportsman of Boston, and Charley Herr, 2:07, the Kentucky crackerjack, are entered in tests of speed. Their performances will arouse widespread interest.

Ed Geers, America's ablest reinsman, has rounded the Abbot into great form. The champion is prophesied by many to be in condition to chop another second from the present mark. Crescen is doing the best trial work of his career. George H. Ketchum, the former driver, who owns the station, says Crescen will probably cut his record down to 2:03.

Yacht Racing Limit.

Many critics with claims to knowledge on the subject say that the limit has been reached in cup defense. This prediction is supposed to apply to not only hull, spar and gear, but to the cost of construction and equipment as well. The least expensive end of a racer built for the defense of the America's cup is the structural equipment.

It is the "clothes that dress the lady" that make a cup syndicate dive deep and earnestly in its pocket. With sails more costly than the tressouer of the dandy of an Indian prince, rigging that has no equal for expense in the world and spars that take the united energies of the most expert help months to prepare it is small wonder to the minds of those who are acquainted with the financial end of the launching of past defenders that all are anxious for a halt and desire smaller boats and as a sequence smaller cost.

It is bound to come, all agree. The Herreshoffs and the English and Scotch designers have reached a point in their slaving and making off of weight that will permit of no further indiscretions in that direction, and while wooden spars will never again take the place of the made up mast, boom and gaff of steel there is sure to be a return to more stability and thoroughness in these metal spars.

Drilling the Brooklyn.

The Brooklyn club owes much of its success, in the opinion of people who know its tactics, to the careful and constant training every player gets in batting and at his position.

Every morning the team is out for some hours of practice. If there has been a fall down on the previous day in a game, the play is repeated several times, so that the error and how to prevent it becomes fixed in the minds of the players. As to batting, Captain Kelly watches the men closely, and, for instance, he sees that one of the men cannot hit high balls, nothing but high balls are pitched to him until he learns how to land on them. The elementary faults of a batter, such as pulling the ball, are easily cured, but a good batter is born, not made. You can take a fair batter and improve him, but you cannot take a poor batter and make him a good one.

In the field special plays are practiced, doubles and the like. In fact, the morning school for the team is a constant drilling in what they should know in order to be able to think quickly, not intelligently and play their positions for all that is in them.

Champion Schaeffer's Change.

E. Carroll Schaeffer, amateur champion swimmer, who hereafter wears the blue and white stripes of the National Swimming association of Philadelphia, Schaeffer formerly competed for the New York Athletic club, but the new A. A. U. rules, prohibiting all but undergraduates competing for organizations outside of the territory wherein the contestant resides, makes it necessary for Schaeffer to elect to swim for a club in the Atlantic division of the A. A. U.

Record Breeding Ranch.

Captain Tough, the old time Kansas horseman, who sold Smuggler, 2:15 1/4, to Colonel H. S. Russell of Boston, has bought of the Union Pacific Railroad company a ranch of 10,000 acres in Gov. county, Kan. It is said that he intends to make it the biggest and best appointed horse breeding ranch in the United States.

Eczema and Skin Eruptions.

Remick's Eczema Cure and Remick's Pimple Blood Tonic will cure the most obstinate case. At W. T. Brooks' if

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Bridge Whist.

The Passenger Department of the C. & D. R. has just issued a beautiful set of rules on "Bridge Whist," which will be mailed on request. Enclose two cent stamp. Address "Bridge Whist Advertising Department," C. & D. R., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEALING IN FARM LANDS

Lively Sales in the Northwest—ern Country.

SELLERS AND BUYERS AROUND.

Facts About the Movement of Farmers From Cultivated to Wilder Regions—Available Cheap Lands May Be Divided Into Three Classes. Many Settlers Expected This Year.

An interesting population movement is now at its height in the northwest, writes the New York Post's correspondent at Minneapolis under the date of July 15. Owners of high priced farm lands in the older of these states are selling out to richer or more contented neighbors and are moving west and northwest, where they buy cheap lands from proprietors who are desirous of selling and putting the proceeds into still cheaper lands still farther west and north. A farmer in Illinois or Iowa will sell his land at from \$50 to \$100 an acre and, moving into southern Minnesota, buy a new farm at from \$20 to \$40 an acre. The land of his new farm will be as rich as that of the old one; it is just as advantageously situated as regards the markets and will yield as good an income, yet the moving farmer may have made seven or eight thousand dollars by the change. In the meantime the man he has bought out in southern Minnesota moves on into the forest regions of the northern part of the state or into the new farming lands that are being opened in the Red river valley and North Dakota, paying from \$2 to \$10 for land which is often very rich.

In consequence of this movement of population and the great speculative interest which has been aroused in northwestern lands in the last few years dealing in farm lands has grown into a business of large proportions. On railroad trains headed toward the region of cheap land may be seen farmers and speculators, and the little towns where they take teams to drive into the country are full of sellers and buyers.

The available cheap lands may be divided into three classes—railroad lands, cutover timber lands and homesteads. The railroad lands were those originally granted by the state or federal government to railroad companies. These lands have been regularly sold by the railroads for many years, but the policy of the Northern Pacific since its reorganization—that of disposing of the lands as rapidly as possible with a view to encouraging the promotion of its tributary territory—has given the process a great impetus within the last three years. The company has sold its lands in North Dakota and Minnesota in a few large tracts of hundreds of thousands of acres each at very low prices, sometimes not more than 20 cents an acre, and rarely more than \$2. The companies or firms purchasing these lands have generally placed them on the market at double what was paid to the railroad company. These purchasers in turn have sold the lands at the price and sold to individual settlers or to colonies made up of farmers from the more settled regions. In the end few of the lands actually taken for cultivation will have more than a second—400 acres—to the farm and the actual holding is a quarter section.

The cutover lands, found in southern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, are those which originally were covered with pine forests. Sometimes these lands are barren, sometimes they are sandy and suited only to particular crops, but often they are as rich as any in the state, well watered, good grass growers and ideal for general farming or dairy purposes. But as they are held by the lumber companies, which have no further use for them after the timber is removed, they are sold very cheaply. In fact, the lumber men often sell to attempt to pay the taxes. There is to be a general forfeit sale of such lands in Minnesota this fall.

There still remains in the remotest parts of the forest region of northern Minnesota much government land, which may be taken up under the homestead laws. Last year the desire for cheap lands brought 150,000 people into the northwestern states. New settlers have been coming in by special trains this year, and railroad officials estimate that 200,000 thrifty, hard-working farmers will be added to the population there this year.

The Striped Watermelon.

How dear to my heart is the big watermelon. That I carry out home from the city at night. We'll have a feast on the road in the country. I get there at bedtime and leave at daylight! The woman comes round when he happens to want to.

And it gives me a thirst just to think of the four.

We'll have when I get there and open my melon. Which weighs forty pounds, I will bet, at the least.

The big watermelon, the cool, juicy melon. I'll bet it's as big as a beer keg, at least.

The man that I bought from freed up a handle. Whereby I might carry my melon with ease. But the rope broke before I got down to the station.

And I sit in the car with the thing on my knee. I'll have to walk nearly a mile through the country.

But, oh, what a joy will be mine when I see. My wife and my little ones busy their faces. Deep down in the melon lugged out there by me.

The damp, luscious melon, the striped watermelon. That's as big as a calf, it almost seems to me!

Bunch!—In the distance I see the green gable: I hear my dear little ones shouting at play. Run, children: tell mamma to clear off the table! We'll open the thing and begin right away!

How dear to my heart is the fond recollection. Of sweet, juicy melons I've eaten before. But this one, I think, is grater in the middle. And there's only a wet bunch of filth at the core.

The heavy, green melon, the dashed and blanketed melon. The melon that's hard from the rind to the core!

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Question Answered.

Yes August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. You can't use a few doses of August Flower and not be convinced that it is the best remedy for indigestion or biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of August Flower. Nervous Prostration or Heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull with headaches and other ills. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied that there is nothing serious the matter with you. See Green's Prize Almanac.—W. T. Brooks.

LOW CUTS IN HIGH FAVOR.

Our Oxford ties and keep. We have a splendid line to select from. Keep your head clear and your feet cool and the hot weather won't hurt you. For \$3 we can provide you with \$100 worth of comfort.

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